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boards—the broad belts under the gable-eaves—and so-called spandrels of the piazza-posts.

In such a dwelling as this, inside of which we do little more than sleep and eat, the rule we accept for the decoration of most domestic architecture is reversed, and the greater part of our ornament goes outside the walls. The simple decoration required inside of our entrance-door—or at least as soon as we have passed the hall and main staircase—might be summed up in a paragraph,

but will fill a more appropriate place in what I have to say on the general subject in my next.

It only remains, then, to add just now that, though in this article I have regarded our example as a temporary summer shelter only, there is no reason why, with a few alterations giving precedence to in-door over out-door floor-room, the same scheme should not be adapted to occupation throughout the year.

A. J. BLOOR.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A STATUE.*

II.



THE first matter of difficulty in conceiving a statue is what the figure is to be doing, or shall it be doing anything? The prevailing receipt is to represent him as doing something that is connected with the calling that made him famous. Thus the orator has his arm out as in some "hortatory" gesture; the mathematician is measuring with a pair of compasses; the geographer has his globe; the painter his brush and palette; the general is giving orders for an advance. In this there is a sort of vulgar expressiveness, easy and obvious for the passing multitude. And yet it is the least expressive mode, because, being so familiar, it has ceased to convey, just as when moving our feet we do not think of the steps or details of the process. On the stage the vulgar theory is that perfect realism—that is, the introduction of real incidents and real "things"—must in truthfulness far exceed any imitation. Yet it is a fact that a generalism is truer to life than a mere replica of a particular object or incident, and this it is that excites dramatic interest. For the true dramatist has the art of generalisation, but any individual can find a particular instance for himself. It was thus that the "teacup and saucer" school of comedy delighted for a time; but it has become flat and unendurable, because every one sees that the process of transferring incidents of vulgar life to the stage is easy enough to be done by himself. Not but that, in the case of a figure, these evidences of profession may be allowed; but they must be accompanied with evident inspiration. They must be accidents, not essentials. This impression should really be conveyed by the artist, and breathed, as it were, from the figure; and if the artist be a genuine one, and not a mere modeler, he will have so saturated himself with the spirit of the subject that this effect will be conveyed almost without effort. It will be said that this is a fine theory; and that bronze and marble are not like words or poetry, to convey an abstraction, as in the story which Chantrey used to tell of the Irish deputation which came to him on the subject of Grattan's statue. A leading member declared that their wish was that the small base placed under the feet of every statue should represent *the rock of the Constitution*, which the sculptor found it impossible to carry out. And yet it might have been possible to convey this sentiment without the assistance of "a rock." This can be illustrated by the famous and imposing statue of the great Frederick at Berlin, which has none of the strutting military essentials—the pointing to distant smoke with a field-glass, or flourishing of a sabre. The composition speaks, as it were, and tells the whole history of the man; and, as the stranger looks, he feels he has before him the great soldier he has read of, something that revives the character, incidents, all. This magnificent and effective conception, as is well known, is an equestrian figure of the King, in his habit as he lived, set on an imposing piece of architecture rather than a base, round which are grouped the whole series of distinguished men who rose to civil and military renown during his lifetime. It is the contrast of this magnificence and state with the quaint, simple figure in the old rusty suit and well-known cocked hat, jogging along, as it were, that gives the effect. In the attitude there is the air of almost domestic repose and old fashion. We recall Potsdam, the flute-playing, and the drilling of the Grenadiers. Even the crowd,

ignorant, it may be, of those particulars, is arrested by this plain and Quakerish simplicity, and learns the lesson that one so unpretending in air was the master of the more conspicuous beings strutting in gaudy trappings below. It is the old principle conveyed in the story of the undecorated great man among all the stars and ribbons, and who was pronounced *très-distingué*, not, as the superficial might suppose, because he was without such ornaments, while they had them, but because his real greatness was emphasized as being independent of such adornment—a principle which the Americans follow, though no one calls *their* minister *très-distingué*. This is certainly one of the finest compositions in Europe, and exactly expresses what it was intended to express.

Taking this principle with us, we may compare with it the monument to another hero, which is wonderfully and mysteriously placed on the top of the large arch at Hyde Park Corner. That this is an eternal memorial of bad taste and ignorance is universally conceded; everything that it expresses is wholly opposed to the Duke's character, ludicrous grotesqueness and absurdity being the first impression, with a theatrical conspicuousness and self-assertion in addition. For this, of course, the situation is accountable. The attention settles on the horse and the Duke's arm; indeed, there is a sort of comic character and individuality about the animal which almost withdraws attention from the rider. One could fancy an equestrian image of the Duke during a critical moment at Waterloo: the responsibility—the anxiety as to the delay of the Prussians—the firm purpose—all which could be more expressed by concentration rather than by expansion; *i. e.* a general in such a position does not flourish or extend his arm, but is rather "drawn together." Indeed, the moment of giving an order or of pointing with a field-glass is the unimportant and mechanical part of the action, and therefore scarcely worthy of representation. It is the moment before that is of interest, when the mind is in council with itself. The present Commissioner of Works might earn renown cheaply by having this figure taken down and placed on a fine architectural pedestal—where it recked not, for *any* position would be superior to the one it now occupies. As well might it be placed on St. Martin's steeple. The arch, too, an imposing piece of work, is equally spoiled.

But there is another statue in London in which sentiment and feeling are very satisfactorily displayed—that of Sidney Herbert in Pall Mall. The ordinary sculptor would probably have treated it in the ordinary way. Being a Parliament man and statesman, there should be the scroll either in his hand, or at his feet, or by his side, unrolled on a short column or altar, kept in its place by the tip of his finger. Then for expression the invariable one, somewhat haughty, and in the act of pompous refutation, "Does the honourable member venture to assert," &c. But would this convey any idea of Sidney Herbert—the patient army reformer, the soldier's friend, the amiable and popular statesman, the official worn to his grave by anxiety, a sense of duty, and the gallant effort to repair failure, and assume the responsibility of errors for which he only was not responsible? Again it will be said that this would be about as fecund as a certain famous shake of the head, and impossible to convey in metal or marble. Yet those who pass by the sad, pensive image in Pall Mall will not find it difficult to gather something of this from the memorial.

* Continued from page 339.

It is a mistake to think of employing merely the military costume, under the plea that this it is which must speak to the crowd and tell the story. The "Iron Duke" is the key-note to be struck: the conqueror of Napoleon—not so much by bloody shock of battles as by resolution, reserve, and calm foresight. The sculptor should fill his mind with this, and express it in the face, bearing, and attitude. The Americans have been very successful in their representation of their hero, Washington; and at Boston, I think, he is shown in the effective and familiar dress of the period, always welcome to the sculptor—witness Foley's Goldsmith and Burke. But he is not set out in that theatrical mode of riding which is supposed to give state and dignity, such as may be seen in Marochetti's horseman at the Houses of Parliament; but in a familiar, almost "jogging" fashion, with that singularly calm, composed, and capable air which was significant of his character. Now, this has far more effect than if his gifts were displayed in dress and attitudes. And there is even the surprise for the crowd, astonished that so quiet a being could have been so great; while the experienced and cultivated know that this composure does attend great gifts, and they are gratified to find that the hero is no exception to the rule. In short, it comes to this: a true artist can express the character and effect in face and figure, and without any aid from dress or mimetic attitude, far more effectively than by the common accidents of dress and posture. A French sculptor, Dubois, in his 'Le Courage Militaire,' lately exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, has shown this to perfection. Purity of expression was rarely so well illustrated as in this sitting figure. The arms and accoutrements are mere accidents; what is required is the human elements of calm confidence, bravery and strength in reserve, and quiet expectancy and devotion; much, in short, of the feeling one has to the capable captain of a ship in a crisis, and which depends not on his attitudes or gestures, but on what is hidden.

It may be said, of course, that this is adopting the very highest standard, and that the ordinary sculptor who receives a commission to "do" the local benefactor cannot deal with his subject in so purely intellectual a fashion, and must tell his story through the simple and vulgar medium of dress and symbolic attitudes or occupations. This is, in a certain degree, true; and the answer is that, under such low conditions, no statue is needed; but still, if his efforts, however halting, were in the direction named, there would be still better effect, and the result more satisfactory. Anything would be better than the present theory of a statue, which seems virtually to amount to this:—*A metal or marble figure of a human being, in some attitude connected with the different professions or occupations of life, and labelled below with a proper name, to prevent mistakes.* In other words, we have plenty of memorial images, much as tombstones are memorials; but not memorial likenesses. The true likeness is not in body, but in mind; not in outline or surface, but in action; for a giant of good mimetic power might give a capital and lifelike imitation of a dwarf, though utterly unlike him in any point. Further, an artist who works from within will find abundant variety of original attitudes

which, without being pronounced or significant of the profession, shall yet perfectly indicate the nature of the subject character.

Most intolerable is the conventional monotony with which such a type as a great statesman or speaker is invariably dealt with, in this country at least—Pitt, Peel, Canning, and the rest, all "strutting" forward in a most priggish fashion. Now, it is certain that each of these famous men had a special style of his own, something peculiar in gesture and manner which gained him influence as a speaker, and this should certainly have been reproduced to give an individuality in each instance. In the Royal Exchange at Dublin is a truly remarkable figure of Dr. Lucas, in the attitude of speaking, full of vivacity and life, his very clothes reflecting the animation of the limbs. The body makes a sort of curve from the ground, the head and chest stooped forward, the arms bent as if "gathering up something;" in short, the whole is as different from the conventional attitude assumed to be that of speaking as could well be imagined. This remarkable effort is by one Smith, and is in the style of Roubilliac, which, extravagant as it is conceived to be, gives some wonderful lessons in variety, and shows what unbounded resources are open to the sculptor, whereas, from the modern performances, one would think that the field open to him was of the most limited kind. This individualisation, it may be urged, is hopeless, where the artist has not known the original, but not so difficult as may be imagined if he have studied human character and special types, such as are met with even in the public streets. There is even an art in studying photographs, which are faithful to a certain degree; and it would not be even too fantastic to study a person whom the friends considered to suggest him in shape, bearing, and manner. Anything, however, would be better than this lay figure of the studio, and the "property coat" buttoned on it.

Foreign statues are wonderfully successful, and, though often extravagant, always atone for excess by spirit. The French provincial towns are full of "dashing" performances. The one of Jean Bart at Dieppe is pleasant to look at, from its costume and fiery attitude. The visitor knows that he is in the presence of a personage of a romantic sort. We might wish that a French sculptor would favour us in London with a specimen or two by way of example; not, however, that we should have an English celebrity dressed and treated as a Frenchman, which would be out of place.

In many statues it may be noted that one foot is made to project a little over the ledge representing the ground, with the effect of a certain lightness and freedom, though its meaning is rather difficult; for, if it be taken as a sort of step or the edge of a platform, men would scarcely stand in such a position. Nor should the edge be "bevelled" away, as is so often done, in imitation of the undulations of the ground, for the only meaning of such an arrangement is that the figure is on a little hillock. In the theory that the figure is *standing on the ground*, but at an elevation, the base should be *level*, a portion, as it were, of the greater surface.

[To be continued.]

PERCY FITZGERALD.

MR. FULLER'S 'ROMANY GIRL.'



MR. GEORGE FULLER'S 'Romany Girl' was one of the charming figure-pieces in the latest National Academy Exhibition in New York City. It hung in the principal gallery on the southern wall, and near it was Mr. Porter's portrait of a seated lady, with Mr. McEntee's solemn and wild landscape between them. Its author had other pictures in the same place, and also in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and he had often exhibited before; but, by common consent, the 'Romany Girl' was pronounced to be the best and the most interesting of the series. She stood in front of a piece of yellowish woods, holding in her right hand a bunch of forest-grasses. A strange lustre and weirdness possessed her large, coal-black eyes, suggesting possibilities very wide in range and various in hue; she was a 'Romany Girl,' to be sure—her

dress betrayed her—but she could have passed for more than one ideal personage of modern romanticism. The mistiness which Mr. Fuller likes to envelope his landscapes and figures in—as, for example, his 'And she was a Witch,' in the same exhibition—is less extensive than usual; at least a part of the girl stands out in clear air. Why he is so fond of mistiness is not perspicacious. The fondness long ago resulted in a mannerism. Perhaps Mr. Fuller supposes that mistiness is akin to mystery. At all events, it is not certain that his mistiness had better be dispensed with. Mr. Fuller seeks, first of all, to bring his subject—whatever it may be—under the most exclusive conditions of pictorial treatment, and he is never loath to sacrifice literal fact for spiritual truth. His artistic sense is cultivated to extreme sensitiveness in this direction; for while, like an artist, he is ready to humour Nature, like an artist, too, he is eager to compel her. The realistic successes